

**i only see daylight**

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# **i only see daylight**

by [emrysthewarlock](#)

## Summary

“Just... text me. When you want to figure something out.” Keith shifted his eyes away from Lance. “If you want.”

“I want,” Lance assured him, tucking his phone into his pocket. “I really do.”

Keith flushed again, and Lance found himself falling a little bit more.

This was going to be good, he told himself.

He was sure of it.

(Or, some snippets of Keith and Lance being in love)

## Notes

I wanted to write a short 2k-3k cute klance fic while I worked on some longer ones and then this happened. but it's still cute and it's still klance... so!

title and sections taken from daylight by taylor swift

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*And I can still see it all in my mind*

Lance watched Hot Motorcycle Boy (as he aptly named him, as he had yet to learn his *actual* name) pour himself a drink from the counter.

“It’s not even fair, Hunk,” he whined. “He has a *ponytail*. How am I supposed to compete with that?”

Hunk just laughed, patting Lance’s arm consolingly. “Why are you competing with him?”

“I don’t know!” Lance felt himself flush. “I just get a vibe that he’s trying to seem cooler than me. He’s not even wearing a tacky sweater! It’s a *Christmas* party!”

A snicker from behind Lance made him turn around to see Pidge laughing. “I think that just means you think he’s *cool*,” she teased.

“I do not!” Lance crossed his arms, watching Hot Motorcycle Boy lean against a countertop, sipping his soda. How did he look nice just drinking his drink? “I don’t even know his name.”

Something dawned on him. “Pidge!” he gasped, turning around again. “You know him! I mean, this is your party, so obviously you know him, right?”

Pidge nodded slowly, raising an eyebrow at Lance.

“So you can introduce us!” Lance shot out of his seat on the couch. “Pidge, you gotta. Please, please, please!”

Pidge exhaled, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Lance... please don’t try and start a fight or anything.”

“I’m not! I just want to meet him, I promise.” Lance clasped his hands together, falling to his knees in front of Pidge. “Please please please please please-”

“Okay!” Pidge was trying to look annoyed, but Lance could see the smile at the corners of her mouth. “Now get up. He’s looking this way.”

Lance had never clambered to his feet faster in his life, only to turn around and see Hot Motorcycle Boy just talking to Shiro. “Pidge,” he hissed. “Why would you do that to me?”

Full out cackling now, Pidge gestured for Lance to follow her. Grumbling about betrayal, Lance followed to the kitchen where Hot Motorcycle Boy was still engaged in talking to Shiro.

“Hey, Keith,” Pidge called as they got closer. “Shiro.”

*Keith .*

“Hey, Pidge,” he responded, and Lance just about fainted on the spot. His voice was so nice, like water over stones.

What was wrong with him?

“Hey, Lance,” Shiro smiled at him, and Lance found himself smiling back. He had just met Shiro at the beginning of the party, but he already felt comfortable around him. Lance wasn’t quite sure how that happened, but hey. He wasn’t complaining.

“I just came over because Lance wanted to meet Keith,” Pidge said flatly, and Lance stared at her.

He had never been so betrayed in his life.

“Pidge! What? That’s,” he laughed nervously. “That’s not true.”

“So you didn’t want to meet me?” Keith raised an eyebrow at him, and Lance’s mouth went dry.

*Fuck .*

“Uh... no?” Lance scratched the back of his neck. “Wait. Shit. That’s not what I meant.”

Pidge sighed and turned to Shiro. “I don’t think you’ve met Hunk, yet,” she said, drawing Shiro away from the disaster that was Lance Sanchez. Shiro left with nothing more but a ruffle of Keith’s hair, and Lance’s eyes widened because Keith very much so did not look like the person who tolerated that, but all he did was make a face as Shiro laughed and walked away.

And now Lance was alone with Keith.

Lance stared at him, and Keith frowned back. How were his eyes *violet* ? How was that even possible?

“Uh, so.” Keith cleared his throat. “I’m gonna go?”

*No!* He had to say something to get Keith to stay, anything, something like...

“I like your ponytail.”

*What the fuck .*

Keith froze, his cheeks flushing a little. “Uh? Thanks?” he scratched the back of his neck and he looks so embarrassed that Lance realized he was *royally* screwing this over.

He exhaled and laughed sheepishly. “Sorry, dude. That was an absolute train wreck of a first conversation. Just... wait right here.”

He turned around, took in a deep breath, and thought about Keith’s eyes and ponytail and the fact that he really, really, wanted to know this boy. He turned around, a smile on his face.

“Hey,” he said, offering his hand. “I’m Lance. It’s nice to meet you, Keith.”

Keith just stared at Lance’s outstretched hand, and Lance’s heart thumped unsteadily inside his chest even as he kept a smile on his face. Was this stupid? It was probably stupid. Keith probably thought he was an idiot-

And then Keith was laughing, eyes scrunched together, giggles coming out of his mouth, and Lance couldn’t help but stare because *what the hell* .

How was he *perfect*?

“You’re ridiculous,” Keith said between giggles (because how else could Lance describe the little laughs Keith was letting out?) even as he reached out and grabbed his hand.

“And *I* must be in a museum because *you* are a work of art.” Lance grinned because damn he had been waiting to use that line for so long.

And *damn* was it worth it to see the way Keith’s cheeks flushed.

“You know,” he continued, warming up, “even if there wasn’t gravity on Earth, I’d still fall for you.”

Keith’s face grew even more red and Lance found himself smiling. *Cute* . He opened his mouth to throw out another line when Keith cut him off.

“Is this a joke?” he asked, his face was still red but all traces of the laughter from earlier were gone. His mouth was in a hard line, and his eyes darted to the side instead of meeting Lance’s. “Are you making fun of me?”

“What?” Lance asked, bewildered. “No. Wait. No! Keith, I really want to ask you on a date.” He didn’t even know he wanted to ask Keith on a date before that moment, but once the words fell out of his mouth he knew they were true.

Keith’s mouth fell open into a little “o” as he finally looked back at Lance. “Really?”

“Really.”

“Oh.”

“Soooo,” Lance grinned. “Is that a yes?” He braced himself for the rejection because quite frankly this whole conversation had just been a disaster and he wouldn’t be surprised if Keith just thought he was an idiot.

The guarded look on Keith’s face melted a little, as he raised an eyebrow. “You still haven’t asked.” His mouth curved into a crooked grin.

Lance fell a little bit in love.

“Okay, picky I see.” *Well, may as well go all out* . He bowed deeply, then looked up at Keith through his eyelashes. “Would you do the honor of going on a date with me?”

Keith flushed again, but his voice was steady as he responded, “Hmm... I guess so.”

Lance straightened, staring at Keith. “Really?”

The corners of Keith’s mouth twitched upwards. “Yes, really. Here, give me your phone.”

Lance dumbly handed over his unlocked phone and watched as Keith typed something in. He had nice hands. Keith handed back the phone, and Lance looked to see a new contact. “Keith Shirogane,” it read. In the nickname section, it said “the one with the ponytail.”

“Shirogane?” Lance blurted. “Like... Shiro?”

“Yeah, we’re brothers.” Keith shrugged. “He just goes by Shiro.”

Of course Keith was brothers with Shiro. That would explain the hair ruffling.

“Just... text me. When you want to figure something out.” Keith shifted his eyes away from Lance. “If you want.”

“I want,” Lance assured him, tucking his phone into his pocket. “I really do.”

Keith flushed again, and Lance found himself falling a little bit more.

This was going to be good, he told himself.

He was sure of it.



*All of you, all of me, intertwined*

It didn't take a genius to figure out Keith was beyond anxiety.

Like, way beyond. Galaxies beyond. It just took Lance one look at his boyfriend in the passenger seat to tell he was about two seconds from either jumping out of the moving car or just straight up disintegrating.

"Keith?" he ventured. "You wanna chill out, man?"

"We are literally dating, please do *not* call me man," Keith sniped back. Lance let out a low breath. So he was going to have to deal with *grumpy* Keith today.

Lance moved his right hand over to take Keith's in his own. "Dude-"

"Dude, why are you calling me *dude* -"

"You just said dude!"

"Your bad habits are rubbing off on me! That's not my fault."

"Oh my god." Lance giggled at the affronted look on Keith's face. "Babe, you should see the *look* on your face."

Lance just giggled more when he glanced over again to see Keith's face slowly turning redder. "Aww, babe, you like that nickname don't you?"

Keith muttered something incomprehensible, but he squeezed Lance's hand tighter for a second nonetheless. "You're just embarrassing."

"Okay, I take great offense to that. I am *endearing*."

"Yeah, just take the "e" and the "ing" and change all the letters in between."

"Why are you so *mean* to me?"

"Just calling it like how I see it."

"Well this conversation is far from over, I am definitely getting back at you for that, but Keith. Seriously, I can tell you're about two seconds from spontaneously combusting from stress. I haven't seen you this wound-up since Shiro challenged you to a Mario Kart tournament." Lance ran his thumb over Keith's knuckles.

"I beat his ass," Keith pointed out, satisfaction in his eyes. Lance peeled his eyes off the road to take in Keith again, the shine in his eyes, the small smirk lifting up the corner of his lips.

*Damn . I'm so lucky.*

"You did, but my point still stands. You don't need to be worried, Keith. They're going to love you." Lance kept his eyes on the road this time, but he felt Keith tense up under his hand. *Looks like I hit the nail on the head for what's making him so stressed* , he mused.

Keith was quiet for a while, sounds of The Lumineers (Keith's choice, not Lance's, because Keith was a *nerd* who listened to indie folk music) stretching to fill the silence between them. "You don't know that they'll like me," Keith finally said, breaking the quiet.

Lance snorted. "Are you kidding? First of all, both Veronica and Alex have *very* similar tastes as me. So if I like you, they're *definitely* going to like you. Actually, they might like

you too much. We'll have to be on the lookout for that."

Keith let out a breath that sounded like a laugh, so Lance counted that as a win.

"And my mom? Dude-oh, shit, sorry-she loves *everyone* . She's going to take one look at you and decide you're too skinny and make you eat *triple* portions of turkey and mashed potatoes. My dad is a little more subdued, but just get him started on how you built your bike and you'll be all set."

Quiet stretched again. "I don't." Keith exhaled hard, frustration evident. "Fuck. I'm not good at this shit."

"What, *talking*?" Lance laughed a little, squeezing Keith's hand as he merged onto the highway. "Keith, it's okay. It's just me. You can just tell me whatever."

*Please tell me whatever .*

It's not that Keith was... rude. Or cold. In fact, Keith was a huge softie who liked it when Lance cuddled him and took him on dates. But Lance knew, five months into their relationship, that Keith wasn't the best at just saying things. It's like he didn't even realize he kept all that inside of him until Lance started to coax it out of him.

Lance liked Keith, a lot. Really, really liked him.

And he wished Keith could open up to him a little more because it was hard when you liked someone and they were struggling and couldn't even *tell* you.

"I know."

Quiet stretched again, and Lance knew Keith was storming inside, trying to figure out how to voice his fears. Lance decided to give his beautiful emotionally repressed boyfriend a break

and go first.

“Sometimes I don’t know if you really like me,” he begins, voice much quieter than he wanted it to be.

He could feel the heat of Keith’s vision on him. “What?” Keith was holding on tight to Lance’s hand now. “Lance, wait. I-”

“No, no. Keith. It’s fine.” Lance laughed a little, sparing a moment to give the other boy a small smile. “I just. If we’re doing this whole talking thing. I just wanted to tell you. Sometimes, I don’t know.” He chewed his lip. “I think that you just like me because I’m *convenient* . Or, *right there* . You know? Or, like, sometimes, you just don’t tell me anything, and it makes me wonder if you want me in your life, sharing all that with you, or if you just... don’t.”

They were quiet. Keith wasn’t saying anything, and Lance started to worry if this was actually a really stupid idea. “Okay,” he tried to say brightly, despite the fact that his throat was thick ( *maybe he doesn’t really want me after all, maybe I was right* ) . “Let’s just listen to some music-”

“I never told you about my foster families,” Keith interrupted. Lance let out a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding because Keith *wanted to talk to him, he did* . “I don’t really tell anyone. The only person who knows is Shiro, and kind of Pidge? But. Yeah. You know I was adopted by the Shiroganes.”

“Yeah, when you were fourteen, right?”

Lance knew the story. Shiro was a mentor for the high school Keith attended, started watching out for him, eventually growing close enough for the Shiroganes to adopt him.

(Lance might have cried when he first heard the story. But it wasn’t his *fault* . It was just really sweet, okay?)

Keith made a noise of assent. "Before that, though, I cycled through a bunch of foster families. Maybe, like, four? A couple of them in the middle blended in." Keith threaded his fingers through Lance's. He looked over, to see Keith leaning his head back against the headrest. Lance resisted the urge to pull over and kiss Keith senseless by just squeezing his hand.

"I was... a really difficult kid. I don't know. I had lost my dad and my mom, and it just was really hard. For me. I just... I guess. To me, it was like. My mom left me, right? She left. And then my dad promised he would be around for a while and then he got killed in a firefighter accident, which I know now, but to eight-year-old me it just kind of felt like he was leaving me too. So, yeah. Not the best mindset.

I tended to lash out. A lot. And I was just... way too much for all of these families to handle. So I just kept bouncing around the system when one would get tired of me. And, I guess, that really fucked with me. I never really had anyone to talk to growing up, and I know I can be really difficult and not easy to deal with. I'm just not good at talking and I'm really not good at family. So I need you to know, Lance. That I like you. Really, really like you." Keith cleared his throat, and Lance knew without looking that his ears were definitely red. "I'm just... I've never been the best at this whole talking thing. I'm trying to get better, though. For you. So. Yeah. I really like you."

Lance took a second to swallow the tightness in his throat. "That's bullshit," he croaked out.

"Excuse me?"

Lance was about to cry, so he signaled over, pulling onto the shoulder of the highway. "It's bullshit," he repeated, shifting the car into park before turning around in his seat to look at Keith who looked kind of weirded out. "Wait, shit. Not the you liking me thing. I really like you too. Really, really."

That drew a smile out of Keith, even if it was a small one. "Okay," he murmured. "So what's the bullshit?"

"That you're difficult. Or not easy to deal with. Or bad at family." Lance took both of Keith's hands in his. "Did you forget about Shiro? Or... Pidge? Or me or Hunk or Allura or Adam?"

We're your family, Keith. Like it or not. You're not difficult or hard to deal with. You're Keith, and we all like you for that."

Keith stared at him slightly open-mouthed, and then Lance felt tears start to fall down his face. "You're just Keith," he choked out.

"Why are you crying?" Keith looked a little scared. "It's *my* sob story! It's not even a sob story!"

"I know!" Lance cried harder. "I just really like you and I really want you to meet my family."

Keith leaned forward in his seat, cupping Lance's face with his hand. "I'm still really stressed," he began, eliciting a wet laugh from Lance, "but I really like you and I really want to meet them too."

Lance smiled, and Keith mirrored his expression.

"But I'm driving the rest of the way." Keith unbuckled his seatbelt and motioned for Lance to move. "We are *not* crashing just because you can't see because you're crying."

Lance scowled at Keith. "Asshole," he muttered, even as he unbuckled his seatbelt because he knew that was just Keith-speak for 'please take care of yourself'.

Before he opened his door to change seats, Keith rested his hand on Lance's wrist, holding him back.

"Lance. Thank you."

Something strange happened in Lance's heart at the soft expression on Keith's face and it was taking *all* of his willpower not to combust on the spot. "Uh-huh, sure, anytime," he squeaked

out as he shot out of the car, Keith's soft laugh following behind him.

--

"Keith?" Lance called quietly, rubbing the towel through his wet hair. Most of the house was asleep, dead tired from the hustle of family members pouring into this house, arranging and rearranging sleeping quarters for everyone for the Annual Great Sanchez Summer Reunion. Keith had seemed okay, if a little overwhelmed, the whole time, so Lance had decided to take a shower before heading to sleep.

He made his way down the stairs, stopping in the hallway before the kitchen. It was dimly lit, but Lance could make out his boyfriend sitting on one of the chairs. He grinned, prepared to sneak forward and scare him before realizing he wasn't alone.

"So you *built* your *motorcycle*?" the five-year-old on Keith's lap inquired, eyes wide with wonder.

Lance snorted. Of course Benny, his oldest brother's son, the most curious member of the family, would be awake at 11 pm to ask Keith questions.

"Yeah," Keith responded, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

"Wow. Could you teach me how?"

Keith laughed quietly. "I think you'll have to ask your parents about that first, bud."

Benny pouted. "But I want you to teach meeeee."

"Hey, how about this." Keith held out his pinky. "When you're older, and when you have your mom and dad's permission, come and visit me, okay? I'll teach you how to make a bike." He leaned in closer, and Lance just caught the words of the conspiratorial whisper. "I'll even take you for a ride on it."

Benny shrieked, and Keith jumped back, obviously scared. But Benny just wrapped his pinky around Keith's with a loud "Deal!"

Keith's expression softened, and Lance could only imagine he was doing the same. Fuck, this was so cute. He needed to engrave this into his memory forever, Keith with Lance's nephew sat on his lap, talking and making pinky promises.

"Benny, does your mamá know you're still awake?" a voice from the hallway on the other side of the kitchen called, and both Keith and Benny looked up, twin expressions of guilt on their faces.

Lance stifled a laugh as his mom walked into the kitchen, looking pointedly at Benny. "No, Abuelita," he sighed. "But I wanted to talk to Keith! He's so cool."

Lydia laughed at that, probably at Keith's red ears.

(Lance was also laughing at Keith's red ears.)

"Keith will be here tomorrow, Benny. Why don't you go up to your mamá's room and go to sleep?"

Benny sighed. "Fine," he said, dejection obvious in his voice. He slid off of Keith's lap and went to hug Lydia. "Good night, Abuelita."

Before he left the room, he dashed over to Keith and gave him a hug too. "Good night, Keith!"

Keith seemed frozen, murmuring a "good night" before Benny was racing out of the kitchen. Lydia approached the table, seating herself next to Keith.



“Um. Sorry for keeping him awake ma’am.” Lance bit his lip. Keith looked so nervous.

*It’s okay Keith*, he tried to tell him telepathically. *Just relax* .

Lydia waved her hand, a smile highlighting the laughter lines on her face. Lance softened at the expression. “Don’t call me ma’am! It makes me feel so old. Call me Lydia, please.”

“Yes, ma’am. Wait, shit. Oh. Sorry!”

Lance covered his mouth with his hand as Keith flushed red, words tumbling out of his mouth. *Oh, Keith* , he thought, fondly.

Lydia just laughed, and the tension seemed to ease out of Keith’s shoulders a little.

“How are you doing, Keith?” she asked, full mom-mode on. “I know we can be a lot.”

“No, I’m doing alright.” Lance caught the edges of a smile. “It’s noisy. But, uh, happy. I like it.”

“Good, because I have a feeling you’re going to be coming back here much more often.” Lydia placed a hand on Keith’s arm gently.

“I- uh- sorry?”

“What you and Lance have is really special.” His mom sounded so kind, so loving, so honest, and Lance felt a little something in his heart warm up at the thought. *Something special* . “He is lucky to have you.”

Keith laughed at that softly, hands reaching up to tug at the ends of his hair like he did when he got embarrassed. "I'm lucky to have him," he murmured quietly.

"And we love having you here, Keith." Lydia squeezed his arm once, before standing up. "You should get to sleep. Probably best not to keep that poor boy waiting for you. He has never been the most patient."

Lance rolled his eyes even as Keith let out a huff of laughter. "I will, ma'am."

"Lydia!"

"Sorry!"

Lance found himself smiling again, tip-toeing quietly away from the kitchen to race up to his bedroom before Keith could get there.

Yeah. Keith was going to do just fine here.

*I once believed love would be black and white*

"Keith?" Lance called, closing the door to their apartment softly behind him. There was no response from his boyfriend, but Cosmo bounded up to him, tail wagging and mouth open, and Lance dropped to his knees to pet her. "Hey, girl," he murmured, scratching behind her ears. "You know where Keith is?"

Cosmo just tilted her head, staring up at him. Her tail still wagged wildly behind her.

"Thought so." Lance exhaled, standing back up. He slipped off his shoes, dropping his bag off by the shoe stand. "What do you say we go find him?"

Cosmo padded faithfully behind Lance as he made his way through their apartment, worry sneaking through his mind. They had just moved in together a week ago and Keith...

Well. Lance knew Keith. And he knew he was probably freaking out right now, because that's just how Keith reacted, and like hell anything was going to stop Lance from going to comfort him. The door to their bedroom was closed, so Lance knocked softly.

"Can I come in babe?" he asked quietly, waiting for an answer.

There was silence, and then a muffled "yeah". Lance opened the door, allowing Cosmo to rush in first. Their labrador jumped on Keith, who was laying in the bed, licking his face.

"Off the bed, girl!" Lance called because Keith spoiled her and *someone* had to lay down the law.

"Can she stay?" Keith asked, and his voice was so small that Lance instantly filled with worry.

Cosmo rested her head on Keith's lap, looking up at him, calming down as she obviously sensed Keith's mood. (Lance could sense it too.)

He made his way over to the bed, perching on the edge. "How was work today?" he asked, bringing a hand to Keith's hair, threading his fingers through it.

Keith shrugged, running his hand through Cosmo's fur. "It was fine. There was a big car crash, so Adam and I were in the ambulance all day." Lance registered that his voice sounded distant, closed off. "I might put in some hours with Shiro at the dojo this weekend."

"Okay." Lance moved his hands from Keith's hair to wrap his arms around him. "Everything okay, babe?"

Keith just shrugged again, eyes fixed on Cosmo.

“Keith, we talked about this.” Lance drew back, turned so he was facing Keith. “Don’t shut me out. You gotta talk to me.”

Keith squeezed his eyes shut, and Lance just had time to register that he couldn’t remember ever seeing Keith look so *small* . “Sorry.” Keith took in a shaky breath, and Lance instinctively moved to grab his hand.

(He loved Keith’s hands.

He loved *Keith* .)

“I just... I can’t help but think... what if one day you wake up and realize this was all some big mistake?” Keith still wasn’t looking at him, but Lance let him talk even though some voice in his head was yelling to cover Keith’s face in kisses right now. “What if you realize how *shit* I am at this? Lance, you know how I am. I’m rude and temperamental and I’m bad at letting people in and I have literally no basis for how a proper relationship should work, and I know I’m going to fuck it all up. And I’m scared,” Keith’s voice shook, and Lance wanted to kiss him *so bad* , “I’m scared you’re going to realize that I’m no good at this and you’ll leave.”

“Keith, that would never happen.” Lance ran his thumb over Keith’s knuckles.

Keith turned around to face him, eyes burning. “How do you know? How do you know you won’t leave me? I don’t know, Lance, it seems to be a pretty common pattern in my life.”

And Lance *knew* Keith, knew he’s hurting and has been hurting, so he forced himself not to bristle at the accusations, and instead just held onto Keith’s hand like he would never let go. “I know,” Lance began, “because I’m in this for the long run. I’m not here just to walk out, Keith. I’m here because *I love you* .”

Keith's eyes widened, mouth falling open slightly.

"I love you, Keith. I love all of you, I like that you're fiery and competitive and *you* ." Lance took Keith's face in his hands, pressing a kiss to his forehead. "I love you, I love you, I love you," he murmured against the skin. He pulled back to see Keith's face scrunched up, eyes suspiciously shiny.

"Keith?" Lance asked, suddenly insecure. Was he moving too fast? God, he probably was, wasn't he? "Keith, I'm sorry if that was too much it's just--"

Lance's worry was met with Keith throwing his arms around Lance and pulling him back for a hug. "I love you, idiot," Keith whispered into Lance's ear, and Lance felt himself melt against his boyfriend. "I love you so much. I'm so lucky."

The moment was broken with a bark from Cosmo, who had evidently been feeling left out. Keith let out a wet laugh, pulling back from Lance. "I love you too, girl," he said, gathering their dog in his arms.

Lance watched the love of his life stroke his hands through their dog's fur and felt something in his chest expand and expand until he couldn't contain it. He was beaming.

Keith looked up, seeing Lance's expression. "What, weirdo?" he asked, his eyes still shiny and a little red, but a slight smile on his face.

"Just. I love you."

Keith reached out and Lance took his hand.

"Love you too."

***But it's golden (golden)***

Lance adjusted his tie in the mirror, taking in his reflection. He looked *good* . “Keith,” he called out to where his boyfriend was in the bathroom, “you are really lucky.”

Keith snorted. “Why? Because I get to share a bed with you *and* your ego?”

“Rude!”

“Just the facts.”

Keith exited the bathroom, red tie still hanging untied around his collar but *damn* . Lance couldn’t take his eyes off of him. Keith’s hair was pulled up into a ponytail, pieces hanging down to frame his face. His black suit fit him *really* well and if they didn’t have dinner reservations Lance would be *all over* him.

“Stop staring, weirdo,” Keith said, stepping forward to flick Lance’s forehead even as his ears turned red.

“You look really hot, babe.” Lance pulled Keith forward, arms wrapping around his waist. “Really hot.”

Keith’s ears turned even redder. “You don’t look so bad yourself,” he teased.

Lance leaned forward, capturing Keith into a kiss. “Happy anniversary,” he mumbled when they pulled away.

“Happy anniversary.” Keith smiled up at him--and damn, Lance was grateful for the two-inch height difference--before tugging at the end of his own tie. “Also, I literally cannot figure this thing out for the life of me.”

“Aw, is Keith having trouble with his tie?”

“Alright, *never mind* -”

“Babe, wait! I’ll tie it, don’t go anywhere!”

--

“Likey! Me likey, likey, likey,” Lance sang, moving through the dance moves as Keith collapsed to the floor, seemingly incapable of not laughing. “Come on, Keith! It’s Twice! I know you know all the words.”

“Is it because I’m Korean?” Keith asked from his position on the floor, dissolving into giggles again as Lance shook his shoulders with the song. His face was flushed from the wine they had at dinner, the tie Lance had worked so hard on laying undone on the couch.

“No, it’s because I’ve heard you sing this entire song in the shower, multiple times.” Lance pulled his flustered boyfriend up from the floor. “Come on!”

Lance felt himself smile as Keith grabbed Lance’s hands, twisting back and forth. The song changed, and Lance brightened up again, jumping up and down.

“You make me feel special,” he belted, twirling Keith around in a circle. Cosmo barked as she wove in between their feet.

“I feel so special,” Keith sang softly back, and *man*, that did things to Lance’s heart. He pulled Keith in tighter until their bodies were flush against each other, dancing as Cosmo paced in circles around them. Lance looked down at Keith, all shining eyes and smiles and felt something in his gut that felt an awful lot like contentment.

*This is who I want to spend the rest of my life with* , he realized, and all of a sudden he had to blink back tears because he was *so* lucky.

Keith frowned and flicked his forehead. “Don’t get all sappy on me.”

“I’m not,” Lance choked out, and Keith just sighed before rubbing his thumb under Lance’s eye. “I’m just thinking about how lucky I am.”

“You are really lucky.” Keith grinned. “But I’m luckier.” He moved closer, their lips just ghosting each other. “Lance?”

“Mm,” Lance murmured noncommittally because his boyfriend was right there and he wanted to kiss the daylights out of him and then dance to Twice and then do whatever else may come up that night.

“I fancy you!” Keith sang, cackling as he pulled away so fast from a surprised Lance that he found himself falling forwards with the sudden lack of boyfriend to support him.

“Keith!”

Keith stuck out his tongue. Lance shook his head. “Oh, it’s on.” He launched himself into a chase after Keith, who yelped and ran away from Lance’s outstretched hand.

*I could get used to this* , Lance thought as he launched himself over the couch after Keith.

*I really could get used to this*, he thought when he tripped over Cosmo, only letting Keith laugh for a moment before pulling him down with him to pepper his face in kisses.

*I really want to.*



*And I can still see it all in my head*

“Oh man, oh man, oh man,” Lance mumbled as he stared down at the Tupperware of tamales in his lap. “*Oh* man.”

“Lance.” He looked up from the couch to see Keith staring down at him, eyebrows drawn together in worry. “You okay?”

“Yeah!” Lance chirped, his voice much more high-pitched than he would have liked. “Everything’s totally fine! I’m just meeting your brother and his husband for the first time. Everything’s great!”

Keith rolled his eyes even as he sat himself down next to Lance. “You’ve literally hung out with Shiro dozens of times. We had a movie night at Hunk’s just last week!”

“Yeah.” Lance gripped the edges of the Tupperware. “But this is different. We’re having a *double date dinner*. This is like, Meeting Shiro 2.0. I’m not meeting him as his friend, but as his little brother’s boyfriend.” A thought struck him. “Oh my god, *Keith*. What if he doesn’t like me?”

Keith pried the Tupperware out of Lance’s hands, setting it on the end table. “Lance. Shiro likes you. You’ve been friends for over a year.”

“But I haven’t met Adam yet. What if Adam doesn’t like me? And then what if Shiro decides he can’t like me anymore because Adam doesn’t like me, and then he doesn’t want me to date you anymore, and then he makes us break up! And then we’ll have to date in secret because, sorry Shiro but I’m not breaking up with Keith over that-”

“Oh my god!” Keith presses his hand over Lance’s mouth. “Lance. I love you. But please, use your brain. Shiro likes you. A lot. And Adam’s a big softie, really, he’s going to like you. I’ve told him lots of stories about you at work.”

“ *Keith*, ” Lance whispered from behind Keith’s hand, betrayed. “You traitor. How could you?”

Keith raised his hands in a weak apology. “Nothing bad.”

Lance fixed him with a look, and Keith just amplified his pseudo-innocent deception.

“Alright, fine.” Lance stood up, brushing off his jeans. “But if Adam hates me I’m never leaving this apartment again.”

Keith rolled his eyes.

“And should I change my jeans? Or my shirt? Do you think this is too casual? Will they think I’m a slob? Maybe I should go change-”

“Lance!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Lance exhaled, rubbing a hand across his forehead. “I’m just... really nervous.”

“Why?” Keith stood up, grasping Lance’s arm in his hand. “You’re *Lance* . You’re literally impossible to dislike.”

“It’s just...” Lance trailed off, eyes flitting over to the wall above the couch, decorated in photos. Ones of Keith and Lance, their friends, Lance and his family, and Keith with Adam and Shiro. “They’re your family,” he finished simply and he knew Keith understood.

“Yeah, they are, but.” Keith’s ears started to grow red. “You’re my family too,” he mumbled.

Lance felt his heart squeeze and he gathered Keith's face in his hands to pull him in for a kiss. "I love you, I love you, I love you," he mumbled against his lips as Keith laughed.

They pulled away, Lance pressing another kiss to Keith's forehead. "You're my family too, babe."

Keith grinned, and Lance was so, so, so far gone.

"Let's go!" he declared, capturing Keith's hand with one of his own and the Tupperware with another. "I didn't make these tamales just to sit at home!"

He heard Keith mumble an "oh my *god*," but Lance just smiled as they made their way to the car.

He just had to believe it would all work out okay.

It would work out okay.

Right?

--

Everything was *not* okay.

"Keith, I don't think I can do this," Lance whispered.

"We are literally on their front doorstep."

“I know! I’m going back to the car.” He shoved the Tupperware into Keith’s hands. “Can you just tell them I was sick or something?”

Keith looked down at the Tupperware in his hands, and then back at Lance who was slowly shuffling backwards. He sighed. “I have to do everything around here,” he muttered, before grabbing the front of Lance’s button-down and pulling him in for a deep kiss.

Lance’s head clouded over when Keith pulled back, lips slightly swollen. “You are Lance Sanchez,” Keith told him as Lance tried to focus on what Keith was saying and not the fact that he wanted another kiss. “You are an *amazing* person, an *amazing* boyfriend, and they. Are. Going. To. Love. You.” He punctuated each word with a poke to Lance’s chest. “Got it?”

Lance nodded, swallowing. He took in a deep breath. He got this. He got this!

Keith grinned at him. “There he is.” He pushed the doorbell, and within a few seconds Shiro was at the door.

“Hey guys!” he said, ushering them in. “Glad you could make it.”

Lance felt himself grow less tense as he slipped off his shoes in the doorway. This was just *Shiro*. He knew Shiro. He was *friends* with Shiro. Why the hell was he nervous again?

“Adam’s in the kitchen finishing up the pasta,” Shiro explained and Lance’s heart thudded. Right. That’s why he was nervous.

Keith snorted at his side. “Is it microwavable?” he asked. “Because last I remember, that was the only thing you two could make without burning down your house.”

Shiro said something back and the two dissolved into banter as Lance just tried to control his breathing. It was going to be okay. It was just Adam. Just Adam.

“Lance?” Keith’s hand was on his arm, grounding him back to the present. “It’s going to be okay, sweetheart,” he whispered, pulling Lance in for a hug. “I’m going to be right here, okay?”

“Okay.” Lance buried his face into Keith’s hair for a second, just telling himself to breathe. It was going to be okay. His heart rate slowed, and he pulled away. “Thank you.”

“Of course.”

Keith led him past the living room and into the kitchen where Shiro was helping a brown-haired man that Lance had only seen in pictures put plates on the table.

“Hey Adam,” Keith called, placing the tamales on the counter. The man spun around, a smile etched on his face.

“Keith! Nice to see you.”

Keith made a face. “I saw you at work yesterday.”

Adam made a face right back before turning to Lance. “Hey, you must be Lance. It’s great to finally meet you.”

*Breathe* . “Hey, Adam,” Lance found himself saying. “It’s nice to meet you too.” He glanced over at the tamales. “Also, I made some food. I hope that’s okay.”

Adam beamed. “That’s perfect!”

“Yeah, Shiro and Adam don’t *actually* know how to cook, so it’s good that you bought something edible,” Keith said, causing Shiro to flick a wet pasta noodle at his face.

“Keith, I love you, but you don’t really know how to cook either.” Lance elbowed Keith gently in the side.

Adam burst into laughter while Shiro flung another pasta piece at Keith. “You’ve been exposed,” Adam chortled.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Keith grumbled. “Can we just eat?”

Lance tilted his head, pretending to consider. “Last I checked, Shiro and Adam made the pasta and I brought the tamales and you didn’t bring anything. Doesn’t seem fair to me.”

Keith scowled. “I brought you!”

Adam was laughing again as Shiro came up and wrapped an arm around his waist. “Oh, Lance,” he gasped, pretending to wipe away a tear. “You’re going to fit in perfectly here.”

--

Lance handed the last of the dishes to Adam as he rinsed them off to put them in the dishwasher. Shiro and Keith were off picking a movie to watch, which left Lance to help Adam with the cleanup.

“I’m really glad Keith has you, Lance,” Adam spoke up, rinsing his hands in the tap. Lance looked up from where he had been wiping down the table, a little confused and a little wary.

“Please don’t give me the talk where if I hurt Keith you’ll hurt me,” he begged. He really didn’t think he could handle that much stress.

Adam laughed lightly, shaking his head. “No. I’m pretty sure Keith can take care of himself. But... he shouldn’t have to, and that’s why I’m glad he has you.” Adam dried off his hands and then leaned against the counter. “I’ve known Keith since he was sixteen, when Shiro and I were starting to get pretty close. He’s always been a hard worker, too hard really. He has this idea in his head that he has to take on the whole world by himself.” Adam sighed, eyes darting over to where Lance was sat frozen, unsure about how to react.

“You balance him out really well, Lance. I’m very grateful that you’re there for him.” Adam smiled, and Lance found himself smiling easily back.

“It’s nothing,” Lance said back. He glanced at a picture, magnetized and stuck on the fridge. A teenaged Keith, squished in between a younger Shiro and Adam. “It’s Keith.” *I would do anything for him* .

He didn’t have to say the words to know that Adam understood.

Adam rested a hand on Lance’s shoulder briefly just as Keith barged into the kitchen, holding a TV Remote. “We’re watching Black Panther,” he announced.

Lance quirked an eyebrow. “Looks like you won the fight.”

“He won unfairly,” Shiro complained as he joined the group in the kitchen. “I wanted to watch Captain America.”

“Just because you look like Bucky Barnes with your *metal arm* -”

“You just wanted to watch Black Panther because you think T’Challa’s hot. Admit it.”

Keith shrugged. “I still won.”

Adam followed Shiro out of the kitchen, rubbing his shoulders as Shiro talked about ungrateful little brothers. Keith was left with Lance, who was still seated at the table.

“Everything okay?” Keith murmured, seating himself in Lance’s lap, hand running through his hair comfortingly.

“Yeah,” Lance responded honestly. “Everything is really, really good.”

Keith pressed a feather-light kiss to his cheek before pulling Lance up from the seat to the living room because “we need to start the movie before Shiro cheats me out of my victory, Lance.”

Lance smiled. He was right. Everything was really, really, good.

***Back and forth from New York, sneakin' in your bed***

Lance squeezed his phone case, waiting for the anticipated vibrations of a message as the sounds of the airport filled his ears. The intercom overhead chimed with a message, planes whirled outside his gate for takeoff, babies cried, but all Lance cared about was his phone. It buzzed, and Lance was quick to turn it on, a smile spreading across his face.

Keith (11:30): you’re a dork.

Lance (11:30): No u

Lance (11:30): Also I cannot believe this is the treatment I get after being gone for a week!!  
:’(

Keith (11:31): no u times two.

Keith (11:31): your fault for being gone.

Keith (11:31): how was the wedding?



Lance (11:32): It was good! benny misses u :)

Keith (11:32): damn, i miss that kid too.

Lance (11:32): I wish u could have been there

Keith (11:33): me too. maybe next time the hospital will let me off.

Lance (11:33): Yeah, my mom lectured me for a while for not bringing u.

Keith (11:33): lmao rip lance

Lance (11:33): Thanks, keith.

Keith (11:34): have a safe flight, love.

Keith (11:34): i miss you. a lot.

Lance clutched his phone, wishing he could be at home already. He wanted to kiss Keith over and over again and then never go anywhere without him ever again.

Lance (11:35): I miss u too.

Lance (11:35): Luv u!! <3333

Keith (11:36): love you too. <3

Lance (11:36): You sent a heart!!!!!!

Keith (11:36): don't make me take it back.

Lance (11:37): You wouldn't D:

Keith (11:37): no, i wouldn't.

Keith (11:37): come home quickly, okay?

Lance (11:38): I will. Also, don't wait up for me. I know you've been putting in way too many hours at work.

Keith (11:38): yeah sure.

Lance (11:38): See u, keith :)

Lance switched off his phone, shouldering his backpack as the intercom called his flight to begin boarding. One week was way too long without seeing Keith. He yawned, smiling at the thought of crawling into bed next to Keith, Cosmo at their feet, waking up to his boyfriend's face.

That sounded really nice.

--

Lance exited his flight, groaning as he stretched and his back popped. He had never been good at sitting still. He opened his phone to send a quick text to Keith, let him know he was going to Uber back home.

There was no response.

Lance smiled and tucked his phone back into his pocket. Thank god. That meant Keith was at home, sleeping, like he *should* be after putting in way too much time working in the ambulance this week.

(Lance would know. Adam had been keeping him updated).

He was prepared to wait inside, not quite ready yet to face the hot August air, as he pulled up the app to call an Uber. Just as he was about to make the request he caught sight of a familiar red flannel jacket.

Of course, attached to the jacket was a very familiar Keith, knocked out cold in the seat by the baggage claim, his phone loosely dangled from his hand.

“Oh my god,” Lance whispered, snapping a quick picture. Keith was just *too cute*, even with the bags under his eyes. Then he walked over, pressing a hand to Keith’s cheek lightly. “Hey, babe,” he murmured.

Keith drowsily opened his eyes. A confused noise escaped his mouth as Lance pressed a light kiss to the top of his head. “Hey,” he said softly. “Good morning.”

“Lance?” Keith mumbled, voice still thick with sleep.

“Yeah.” Lance pulled Keith up, wrapping an arm around his waist as Keith buried his head into Lance’s neck. “We really need to have a talk about your safety habits. Falling asleep at an airport, I swear.”

“I missed you.” The words ghosted the skin of Lance’s neck as Keith gripped Lance’s waist tighter. “I really, really, missed you.”

“Fuck. I missed you too, sweetheart.” Lance pressed a kiss to Keith’s head. “Now, what do you say I drive us home, we try not to wake up Cosmo, sleep in until 1 in the afternoon, and then I’ll make us pancakes for lunch?”

He felt Keith smile. “Mm. Sounds really good.”

“Okay.” Lance stopped in front of their car, pausing to pull Keith into a tight hug. “I love you.”

“Me too.”

Finally, Lance was home.

***I once believed love would be burnin' red***

“Lance, it’s *not* your business!”

“How is it not my business? You’re my boyfriend, in case you forgot.”

“That doesn’t give you a right to pry so much into my life! I’m not going to talk to him!”

“You’re being such an asshole, Keith! Shiro’s your *brother*, you can’t just ice him out because of something petty like this! He’s a police officer, you know his job is dangerous. You can’t get pissed at him every time he gets hurt.”

“Stay out of it!”

“Or what? You’re going to freeze me out like you’re doing to him? You’re going to cut me off? Fuck, Keith, what do you even want-”

“I want you to stay out of my issues!”

“They’re my issues too!”

“Why the hell are they your issues?”

“Because you’re my family! I care about you!”

“I didn’t ask you to! I don’t want you to!”

Silence.

The door slammed shut, and Lance swore he could feel the vibrations in his core.

--

“Hunk, I don’t even know what to do! He’s just... completely freezing me out. I thought we were working past that, but now he doesn’t even want me in his life!”

“Lance... you love him, right?”

“God. I love him so much it hurts.”

“Then, I think, you have to decide. If you love him this much, are you going to let him go over this?”

“He doesn’t *want* me, Hunk.”

“Do you really think that’s true?”

“...no.”

“Then I think you have your answer.”

--

“I didn’t think you would come back.”

“Me neither.”

Silence.

“Lance... I need to talk to you.”

Lance exhaled, breath heavy, as he held the door open for Keith to come back into their apartment. *Their* apartment. He had just been about to head out to go track down Keith to apologize or shake some sense into him, *something* . He had opened the door to find Keith sat outside, knees tucked to his chest.

They stood in the foyer, avoiding eye contact.

“Well?” Lance prompted. His voice was hoarse. He was so tired. “You wanted to talk?”

Keith nodded. “I- you- you were *right* . I wasn’t being fair. Not to you or to Shiro. I was just... really, really scared. I haven’t felt like that since I was fifteen, and all I could think about was the car crash and Shiro losing his arm and waiting up in hospitals not knowing if he was ever going to wake up.” Keith took in a shaky breath, and Lance willed himself not to crumble.

“I was really scared. And I took it out on Shiro, and then when you tried to help, I took it out on you.” Out of the corner of his eye, Lance could see Keith picking at the skin around his fingernails. *Nervous habit* .

“I’m sorry, Lance,” Keith said, voice wavering. “After we... after we fought I went to Shiro’s apartment and talked to him and apologized for freezing him out. Because... you were right. It’s not fair of me to do that. I love that you care, or, uh, cared, about me. And I’m really sorry.” Lance heard the crack in Keith’s voice, knew he was going to cry even before he did it, and all he could do was stare because this was *Keith* . Strong, independent, soft Keith who teased Lance for getting emotional and met all problems with anger.

And Keith was crying.

“I’m sorry,” he was repeating. “I understand if you don’t... if I can’t come back. I just needed to tell you I’m *sorry* .”

Lance felt something was digging into his chest, piercing his heart one by one, because he had seen Keith tear up from time to time but he had never seen him *cry* , not so openly or heartbrokenly. Suddenly, he didn’t need the apology or anything because all he wanted was Keith.

“I’ll go,” Keith choked out. “I’m sorry, Lance. I’m really sorry.” And then Keith was fumbling for the doorknob, but he was still crying, and Lance didn’t want him to go.

He wanted him to *stay* .

“Keith,” Lance called out, taking the pale hand in his before it could pull the door open. “Please don’t go.”

Keith looked up at him, eyes red, tears still falling, and Lance just wanted him here.

(He was so tired.)

“I... I accept your apology. It’s okay. I understand why you acted the way you did, and I... I just wanted to say I’m sorry too.”

Keith shook his head fervently. “Don’t apologize.”

“No.” Lance led them to the couch, a hand gently touching Keith’s elbow. “I have to. You... you were going through something and I didn’t really see your point of view on it. I didn’t even *think* about the car accident, about you having been through this before. So. I’m sorry.”

Keith was crying again but he was so far away, so hesitant, so Lance pulled him in until Keith’s forehead was pressed against Lance’s shoulder. “I was so scared, Lance,” Keith choked out. “I thought I lost Shiro. And then I thought I lost you. I can’t- *I can’t* -”

“Shh.” Lance ran his fingers through Keith’s hair, pressing kisses to the top of his head because he doesn’t even remember why they were angry. “Hey. It’s okay.”

“I can’t lose you, Lance.” Keith pulled back, eyes still red with tears, but shining with something bright and passionate. “And I almost did, because I’m an idiot and I don’t know how to *deal* with things-”

“*Hey* .” Lance took Keith’s hands in his (he’s always loved his hands). “All this fight proves is that, like every other couple in the world, we have something we need to work on. I’m not going anywhere.”

Keith was staring at Lance with his eyes still strangely bright and Lance just wanted to hold him and hold him and never let go.



“I love you,” Keith said, and then frowned. “I. I just. Love you so much.”

“Keith. I love you too.” Lance pressed his forehead against Keith’s. “I want to be there for you through everything.”

“ *Me too .*”

They sat on the couch, nestled against each other, and Lance didn’t feel like moving anytime soon. He wasn’t going to let Keith go again. He wasn’t going to lose him.

Not now.

Not ever.

***But it's golden***

Lance smiled at Keith as he talked animatedly, hands stuck in his pockets. The street lights lit up the sides of his face, his purple eyes standing stark against his pale skin.

He was beautiful.

Keith stopped talking, choosing instead to raise an eyebrow at Lance. “Do I have something on my face?” he teased.

Lance swooped in to press a quick kiss to his lips. “Yeah.”

Keith rolled his eyes, elbowing Lance lightly. Lance just grasped the thing in his coat pocket even tighter.

“Do you remember this place?” he asked, gesturing at the park. It was covered in snow, now, from the January chill, just as it was back then.

“Our first date, right?” Keith swept the place with his eyes. “You bought me a hot chocolate and then spilled it all over me.”

“I was nervous, okay!” Lance laughed, scratching the back of his neck. “Besides, you’re the one who shoved ice down the back of my shirt.”

“You’re the one who started the ice fight!”

“And I’m the one who finished it,” Lance said with satisfaction. He was proud of that battle.

Keith rolled his eyes. “Funny we walked by this way,” he mused. “It’s actually a really good coincidence.”

Lance wanted to laugh as the box in his pocket seemed to grow heavier. Coincidence. Yeah right. He had picked this place specifically to go after their dinner, but he decided to humor Keith. “Oh yeah? Why’s it a good coincidence?”

His boyfriend smiled, his face soft and fond. “So I can do this.”

And then he got down on one knee, pulling a box from his pocket, and Lance was going to have an aneurysm.

“Lance, I’ve known you for three years now. And in those three years-”

Lance's brain caught up with the current events, and he started to wave his hands through the air, stammering, "No. Nope. No way! No."

Keith trailed off, frowning. "Uh." He looked around to where a couple of evening park goers were watching the scene. "Is everything okay?"

"No! This is *not* okay!" Lance threw up his hands in frustration. "I spent *weeks* planning this, getting the dinner reservation nearby to this park, which *wasn't* easy by the way, for you to say it's a *coincidence* and then *propose* to me?" His voice climbed higher in octave with each sentence. "No way!"

He pulled the box out of his pocket, getting down on his knee. "I planned this first!" he claimed. "Keith, I remember the day I asked you out. And, by the way, I must *still* be in a museum because you are *still* a work of art."

"Wait." Keith waved his hand in front of Lance's face. "Hold on. You *planned* this out?"

"Of course I did! I was going to bring you over here, we were going to reminisce about our past, and then when you were looking fondly off in the distance I was going to get down on one knee and deliver this speech that you *still have not let me finish* !" Lance couldn't believe this.

Keith just stared at him. "But. I was going to propose to you tonight. I have a speech too."

Lance just stared back.

Someone in the park yelled "just somebody say yes!" and that was all it took for the tension crack and the two to start laughing.

"Oh my god," Keith gasped. "We literally planned to propose to each other on the same day."

“Babe, that’s like. Crazy levels of in sync.” Lance ran a hand through his hair, his face almost hurting from smiling. This was so... perfect. Just. So perfect for them. “Also... I am definitely reading the rest of my speech to you later.”

“Mm. Same.”

“Now, can you please say yes? The snow is kind of making my knees cold.”

“You still haven’t asked.” Keith was grinning, and Lance was pretty sure he wasn’t smiling any less.

“Someone’s picky.” He opened the ring case, looking at Keith. “Keith, will you do me the honor of marrying me?”

“Depends.” Keith opened his ring box, the silver band with the blue gem sitting there. “Will you do me the honor of marrying *me* ?”

And this was too much for Lance who dissolved into laughter and pulled Keith in for a kiss. He was dimly aware of the fact that they probably looked ridiculous, but he wasn’t going to complain when in that moment everything seemed absolutely perfect.

“Is that a yes?” Keith asked when they pulled away, and his eyes were shining and his face was pink and Lance had never felt luckier in his life.

“Mmm, I don’t know yet.” Lance grinned, leaning in. “I think I need another kiss to be sure.”

“Weirdo,” Keith mumbled into the space between their lips, before yanking Lance forward by his tie until they were kissing again.

When they pulled apart for the second time, Lance pretended to think. “You know, I think I’m gonna have to say yes.”

Keith stood up, pulling Lance with him until the two were hugging tightly. “I think I’m going to have to say yes, too,” he whispered into Lance’s ear.

Lance just about melted into his boyfriend—no, fiancé—as he pressed a kiss to his temple.

“I love you, Keith.”

“Love you, Lance.”

This was going to be good, Lance told himself.

*He was sure of it.*

## End Notes

I hope you guys liked it! I've been missing these boys an extra bit lately, so I wanted to write a little modern au for them. Please feel free to ask questions or talk to me in the comments, I love talking to y'all!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!